CLEOPATRA.

Being an Account of the Fall and Vengeance of Harmachis, the Royal Egyptian,

AS SET FORTH BY HIS OWN HAND.

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Dinstrated by NICHOLL, after CATON WOOD-VALLE and GREIFFENHAGEN.

CHAPTER IIL

THE REBUKE OF AMENEMBAT; OF THE PRAYER OF HARMACHIS; AND OF THE SIGN GIVEN BY THE HOLY GODS. OR awhile as L

machis, went, the juice of the green herbs which the old wife, Atoua, had placed

upon my wounds

but presently the pain

ceased. And of a truth, I believe that there was virtue in them, for within two days my flesh healed up, so that after a time no marks remained. But I bethought me that I had disobeyed the word of the old High Priest, Amenembat, who was called my father. For till to-day I knew not that was in truth my father according to the flesh, having been taught that his own son was slain, as I have written, and that he had been pleased, with the sanction of the Divine ones, to take me as an adop ed son and rear me up, that I might in due season fill an office about the temple. Therefore was I sore troubled, for I feared the old man, who was very terrible in his anger, and spake ever with the cold voice of Wisdom. Nevertheless, I determined to go in to him and confess my fault and bear such punishment as he should be pleased to put upon me. So, even with the red spear in my hand and the red wounds on my breast, I passed through the outer court of the great temple and came to the door of the chamber where the High Priest dwelt. It is a great chamber sculptured round about with the images of the solemn gods, and the light of Ra (the sun) came to it in the daytime by an opening cut through the stone of the massy roof. But at night it was lit by a swinging lamp of bronze. I passed in without poise, for the door was not altogether

with a beating heart within the chamber. The lamp was lit, for the darkness had seated in a chair of ivory and ebony at a table of stone, whereon were spre mystic writings of the words of Life and Death. But he read no more, for behold! he slept, and his long, white beard rested upon the table like the beard of a dead man. The soft light from the lamp fell on him and on the papyri, and on the gold ring upon his hand, where were graven the symbols of the Invisible One, but all around was shadow. It feil on the shaven head, on the white robe, on the cedar staff priesthood at his side, and on the ivery of the hon-footed chair; it showed the mighty brow of power, the features cut in kingly mold, the white eyebrows and the dark hollows of the deep-set eyes. I looked and trembled, for there was about him that which was more than the dignity of man. So long had he lived with the gods, and so long kept company with them id with thoughts givine, so deeply was he versed in all those mysteries which we do but faintly discern, here in this upper air, that even now, before his time, he partock of the nature of the Osiris, and thing to shake humanity with fear.

shut, and pushing my way through the

heavy curtains that were beyond. I stood

I stood and gazet, and as I stood he opened his dark eyes, but looked not on me, nor turned his head; and yet he saw

"Why hast thou been disobedient to O my son?" he said. "How came it that

"How know I! Are there then no other ways of knowledge than by the senses? ignorant child! was not my spirit with thee when the lien sprang upon thy com-panion! Did I not pray those set about thee to protect thee to make sure thy en thou didst drive the spear into the lion's throat? How came it that the wentest forth, O my son?"

"The boaster taunted me," I answered,

Yes, I know it; and because of the hot blood of youth, I forgive thee, Harmachis. But now listen unto me, and let my words sink into thy heart like the waters of into thirsty saud at the rising of Sirius. Listen unto me. The boaster was sent unto thee as a temptation, as a trial of thy strength was he sent, and see! it has not been equal to the burden. Therefore is thy hour put back. Hadst thou been strong i this matter, the path had been made plain to thee even how. But thou hast failed and therefore is thy hour put back.

"I understand thee, not my father," I an-

What was it, then, my son, that the old wife, Atona, said to thee down by the bank of the canal?"

And thereon I told him all that the old

"And thou believest, Harmachis, my "Nay," I answered; "how should I be-

lieve such tales. Surely she is mad. All the people know her for mad." Then for the first time be looked toward me, who was standing in the shadow.

"My son! my son!" he cried, "thou art rong. She is not mad. The woman spake the truth; she spake not of herself, but of the voice within her that can not lie. For this Atoua is a prophetess and holy. Now learn thou the destiny that the gods of Egypt have given to thee to fulfill, and wee be unto thee if by any weakness thou dost fall therein! Listen! thou art no stranger adopted into my house and the house of the temple; thou art my very son, saved unto me by this same woman. But, O Harmachis, thou art more than this, for in thee and me alone doth flow the imperial blood of Egypt. Thou and I alone of men alive are descended, without break or flaw, from that Pharaob Nekt nebf whom Ochus the Per-Pharach Nekt nebf waom Ochus the Persian drove from Egypt. The Persian came and the Persian went, and then after the Persian came the Micedonian, and now for nigh upon three hundred years have the Lagidas usurped the double crown, defiling the land of Khem and corrupting the worship of his gods. And mark thou this; but now, but two weeks since, is Ptolemy Neus Dionysius, Ptolemy the Piper, who would have slain thee, dead; and but now hath the cuntuch Pothinus, that very sunuch who othinne, that very ensuch who cr, years ago, to cut thee off, set the will of his master, the deal and placed the bay Tudenty was

fied into Syria; and there, if I err not, will fied into Syria; and there, if I err not, whi she gather her armies and make war upon her brother Ptolemy; for by her father's will was she left joint sovereign with him. And meanwhile—mark thou this, my son— the Roman eagle hangs on high, waiting with ready talons till such time as he may fall upon the fat wether Egypt and rend him. And mark, again, the people of Egypt are weary of the foreign yoke, they hate the memory of the Persians, sick at heart are they of being called 'Men of Macedonia' in the markets of Alexandria. The whole land mutters and murmurs

The whole land mutters and murmurs beneath the yoke of the Greek and the shadow of the Roman. Have not they been oppressed? Have not their children been butchered and their gains wrung from them to fill the bottomless greed and lust of the Lagidæ? Have not the temples been forsaken? Ay, have not the divine majes-ties of the eternal gods been set at naught by these Grecians babblers who have dared to meddle with the immortal truths, and name the Most High by another name (Serapis), confounding the sub-stance of the Invisible! Doth not Egypt cry aloud for freedom! and shall she cry in vain? Nay, nay, for thou, my son, art the appointed way of deliverance. To thee, being sunk in eld, have I decreed my rights. Already is thy name whispered in many a sanctuary, from Abu even unto Athu; already do priests and people swear alle-giance, even by the sacred symbols, unto him who shall be declared unto them. Still, the time is not yet; thou art too green a sapling to bear the weight of such a storm. But to-day wast thou tried and found wanting. He who would serve the gods, O Harmachis, must put aside the failings of the flesh. Taunts must not move him, nor any lusts of man. Thine is a high mission, but this must thou learn. An thou learn it not, thou shalt fail therein; and then, my curse be on thee | and the curse of Egypt, and the curse of Egypt's broken gods! For, know thou this, that even the gods, who are immortal, may, in the inter-

and thine no mortal meed. Triumph, and in glory shalt thou go—in glory here and hereafter! Fail, and woe-woo be on thee!' He paused and bowed his head, and then

woven scheme of things, lean upon the man

who is their instrument, even as a war-

rior on his sword. And woe be to the

it shall be thrown aside to rust! There-

fore, make thou thy heart pure and high

and strong; for thine is no common lot

went on: "Of these matters shalt thou hear more hereafter. Meanwhile thou hast much to learn. To morrow will I give thee letters, and thou shalt pass down the Nile, even past white-walled Memphis to On (Heliopolis), and there shalt thou sojourn certain years and learn more of our ancient wisdom beneath the shadow of that sacred pyramid of which thou, too, art the Hereditary High Priest that is to be. And meanwhile will Is t here and watch, for my hour is not yet, and, by the help of the gods, spin the web wherein thou shalt hold the wasp of Macedonia.

"Come hither, my son; come hither and kiss me on the brow, for thou art all my hope, and all the hope of Egypt. Be but true, rise to the giddy height of thy des tiny, and thou shalt be glorious here and hereafter; be false, fail, and I will spit upon thee, and thou shalt be accursed, and thy soul shall remain in bondage till that bour when, in the slow flight of time, the evil shall once more grow to good and Egypt shall again be free."

I drew near trembling, and kissed him on the brow. "May all these things come upon me, and more," I said, "if I fail thee, O my father!"

"Nay," he cried, "not me; but rather those whose will I do. And now go, my son, and ponder in thy heart, and in thy secret heart digest my words; and mark what thou shalt see, and gather up the dew of wisdom, and make thee ready for the battle. Fear not for thyself; thou art protected from all ill. No harm may touch thee from without; thyself alone can be thine own enemy. I have said."

Then I went forth with a full heart. The night was very still, and there was none stirring in the temple courts. I hurried through them, and reached the entrance to the pylon that is at the outer gate. And then, seeking solutude, and, as it were, to draw nigh to Heaven, I climbed the pylon's two hundred steps, until at length I reached the massive roof. Here I leaned my breast against the parapet and looked forth. And "How knowest thou, my father, that I as I looked the red edge of the full moon floated up over the Arabian hills, and her rays fell upon the pylon where I stood, and the temple walls beyond, and lit up the visages of the carven gods. Then the light struck the wide stretch of well-tilled land, now whitening to the harvest, and as the heavenly lamp of Isis (the moon) passe up the sky, slowly did her rays creep down the valley, where Sihor, father of the land of Khem, rolls on toward the sea.

And now the bright beams kissed th water, that smiled an answer back, and now mountain and valley, river, temple, town and plain were flooded with white light, for Mother Isis was arisen, and threw her gleaming robe across the dark bosom of the earth. Beautiful it was, with the beauty of a perfect dream, and solemn as the hour after death. Mightly, indeed, the temples towered up against the face of night. Never had they seemed so grand to me as upon that night, those ancient shrines, before whose eternal walls Time himself shall wither. And mine it was to be to rule this moonlit land; mine to pre serve those sacred shrines and cherish nor of their gods; mine to cast out the Ptolemy and free Egypt from the foreign yoke! In my veins ran the blood of the great Kings who, sleeping in the tombs of the valley of Tapi (Thebes), await the day of resurrection. My spirit swelled within me as I dreamed upon this glorious destury. I closed my hands, and there, upon the pylon, I prayed as I had never prayed be-fore to the Goihead, who is called by many names and in many forms made manifest. "O Amen." I prayed "God of only who

"O Amen," I prayed, "God of gods, who hast been from the beginning; Lord of Truth, who art, and of whom all are, who givest out thy Godhead and gatherest it up again, in the circle of whom the divine ones move and are, who was from all time the Self-begot, and who shalt be till all timebearken unto me

"O Amen-Osiris, the sacrifice by 'whom we are justified, Lord of the Region of the Winds, the Ruler of the Ages, the Dweller in the West, the Supreme in Amenti,

"O Isis, Great Mother Goddess, Mother b the Horun-mysterious Mother, Sister, Spouse, he rken unto me. If indeed I be the chosen of gods to carry out the purpose of the gods, let a sign be given unto me, even now, to seal my life to the life above. Stretch out your arms toward me, O ye gods, and uncover the glory of your countenance. Hear! ah, hear me!" And I cast myself upon my knees and lifted up my eyes to Heaven.

And as I knelt a cloud grew upon the And as I knelt a cloud grew upon the face of the moon and covered it up, so that the night became dark, and the silence deepened all around—even the degs far below in the city crased to how, and the allence grew and grew till it was heavy as death. I felt my spirits lifted up within me, and my hair rose upon my had. Then of a calculate the mining years and a calculate the mining years.

d a sign! Possess thyself in

And even as the voice spoke a cold hand touched my hand and left somewhat within it. Then the cloud rolled from the face of the moon, and the wind passed, and the plon ceased to tremble, and the night was

as the night had been.

And as the light came back 1 gazed upon hat which had been left within my har It was a bud of the holy lotus new ing into bloom, and therefrom came a mes sweet scent.

And as I gazed thereon, behold! the lotus assed from out my grasp and vanished, wing me astonished CHAPTER IV.

OF THE DEPARTURE OF HARMACHIS AND OF HIS MEETING WITH HIS UNCLE SEPA, THE HIGH PRIEST OF ON: OF HIS LIFE AT ON, AND OF THE WORDS OF SEPA.

TTHE dawning of the next day I was awakened by a priest of the Temple, who brought word to me to make ready for the journey whereof my father had spoken, my father had spoken, inasmuch as there was an occasion for me to pass down the river to Annu el Ra. Now, this is the Heiiopolis of the Greeks, whither I should go in the company of some priests of Ptah at Memfi who had come hither to Abouthis to lay the body of one of their great men in the tomb

that had been prepared ne.r the resting place of the blessed Osiris. So I made and the same evening, having received letters and embraced my father and those about the Temple who were dear to me, I passed down to the banks of e sailed with the south wind. As the pilot stood upon the prow and with a rod in his hand bade the sailor men loosen the stakes wherewith the vessel was moored to the banks, the old wife, Atous, hobbled up, her basket of simples in her hand, and calling out her farewell, threw a sandal after me for good chance, which sandal I kept for many ears. And so we sailed, and for six days passed down the wonderful river, making fast each night at some convenient spot. But when I lost sight of the familiar things that I had seen day by day since I had eyes to see and found myself alone among strange faces, I felt sore at heart. and would have wept had I not been ashamed. And of all the wonderful things I saw I will not write here, for, though they were new to me, have they not been known to men since such time as the gods rule in Egypt? But the priests who were with me showed me no little honor, and expounded to me what were the things I saw. And on the morning of the seventh day we came to Memfi, the city of the White Wall. Here for three days I rested from my journey and was entertained of the priests of the wonderful Temple of Ptah the Creator, and shown the beauties of the great and mar velous city. Also was I led in secret by the High Priest and two others into the holy presence of the god Apis, the Ptah who deigns to dwell among men in the form of a bull. The god was black, and on his forehead there was a white square and on his back was a white mark shaped like an eagle, and beneath his tongue was the like ness of a scarabæus, and in his tail were double hairs, and between his horns was a plate of pure gold. I entered the place of the god and worshiped while the High Priest and those with him stood aside and earnestly watchel. And when I had wor shiped, saying the words which had been told unto me, the god knelt, and lay down before me. And then the High Priest and those with him, who, as I heard in aftertime, were great men of Upper Egypt, approached wondering, and, saving rd, made obeisance to me because o the omen. And many other things I saw in Memfi that are too long to write of

On the fourth day came some priests of Annu to lead me unto Sepa my uncle, the High Priest of Annu. So, having bid fareand rode on asses two parts of a day's jour ney through many villages, which we found in great poverty because of the oppression f the tax gatherers. Also, as we went, I for the first time saw the great pyramids remku (the Sphinx), and the temples of the Divine Mother Isis, Queen of Memnonia, and the god Osiris, Lord of Rosatou, of which Temples, together with the Temple of the worship of the Divine Menka-ra, I, Harmacais, am by right divine the Hered-itary High Priest. I saw them and marveled at their greatness and at the white carven limestone and red granite of Syene that flashed in the sun's rays back to Heaven. But at this time I knew naught of the treasure that was hid in Her. whi s the third among the Pyramids-would I had never known of it!

And so at last we came within eight of Annu, which after Memfi hath been seen is no large town, but stands on raised ground, before which are lakes fed by a Behind the town is the great nos (inclosure) of the Temple of the anal.

At the pylon we dismounted, and beneath the portico were we met by a man not great of growth, but of noble aspect, having his head shaven, and with dark eyes that

twinkled like the further stars.
"Hold!" he cried, in a large voice that fitted his weak body but ill. "Hold! I am Sepa, who opens the mouth of the gods!"
"And I," I said, "am Harmachis, son of Amenembat, Hereditary High Priest and Ruler of the Holy City Abouthis; and I bear

etters to thee, O Sepa!"
"Enter," he said. "Enter!" scanning me all the while with his twinkling eyes. "En-ter, my son!" And he took me and led me to a chamber in the inner hall close to the door; and then, having glanced at the letters I brought, he of a sudden fell upon

neck and embraced me.
Welcome!" he cried; "welcome, son of my own sister and hope of Khem! Not in wain have I prayed the gods that I might live to look upon thy face and impart to thee the wisdom that, perchance, I close have mastered of those who are left alive in Egypt. Few there are whom it is lawful that I should teach. But thine is the great destiny, and thine shall be the eass to hear the lessons of the gods."

And once more he embraced me and bade me go and bathe and eat, saying that on the morrow he would speak with me further. And of a truth he did, and at such length

that I will forbear to set down all he said both then and af erward, for if I did so both then and al'erward, for if I did so there would be no papyrus left in Egypt when the task was ended. Thorefore, hav-ing much to tell, and perchance but little time to tell it, will I pass over the events of the years that followed.

this was the manner of my life. 1 For this was the manner of my life. I rose early, I attended the worship of the Temple, and I gave my days to study. I learned of the rices of religion and their significance, and of the beginning of the gods and the beginning of the Upper-World. I learned of the mystery of the movements of the stars, and of how the carth role on among them. I was instructed in the second through the stars and of the stars and of the stars.

inner secrets thereof. I became acquainted with the internal laws of good and evil, and with the mystery of that trust which is held of man; also I learned the secrets of the pyramids—which I would that I had never known. Further, I read the records of the past, and of the acts and words of the ancient kings who were before me since the rule of Horus upon earth; and I was made to learn all craft of state, the lore of earth, and with it the records of Greece and Rome. Also I learned the Gre-cian and the Roman tongues, of which in-deed I already had some knowledge—and all this while, even for five years, I kept my hands clean and my heart pure, and did no evil in the sight of God or man; but la-bored heavily to acquire all things, and to prepare myself for the destiny that await-ed me.

Twice every year came greetings and letters from my father, Amenembat, and twice every year I sent back my answers asking if the time had come to cease from labor And so the d ys of my probation sped away tiil I grew faint and weary at heart, for being now a man, ay, and learned, I longed to make a beginning of the life of men. And ofttimes I wondered if this talk and proph cy of the things there were to be was but a dream born of the brains of men whose wish ran before their thought. I was, indeed, of the royal blood, that I knew; for ny uncle, Sepa, the Priest, showed me the secret record of the descent, traced without break from father unto son, and graven in mystic symbols upon a tablet of the stone of Syene. But of what avail was it to be royal by right when Egypt, my heritage, was slave—a slave to do the pleasure and minis-ter to the luxury of the Macedonian Lagidæ -ay, and when she had been so long a serf at, perchance, she had forgot how to put off the servile smile of bondage and once more to look across the world with free-

dom's glorious eyes!

And then I bethought me of my prayer pon the pylon tower of Abouthis ne answer to my prayer, and wondered if

that, too, were a dream.

And one night, as, weary with study, I walked within the sacred grove that is in the temenos of the Temple, and thought such thoughts as these, I met my Uncle Sopa, who also was walking and thinking. "Hold!" he cried, in his great voice;
"why is thy face so sad, Harm ichis? Hath
the last problem that we studied overwhelmed thee!"

"Nay, m / uncle." I answered. "I am everwhelmed, indeed, but not of the problem; it was a light one. My heart is heavy within me, for I am aweary of life within these cloisters, and the piled-up weight of knowledge crushes me. It is of no avail to store up force which can not be

"Ah! thou art impatient, Harmachis," he answered; "it is ever the way of foolish youth. Thou wouldst taste of the battle; ou dost weary of watching the breaker fall upon the shore, thou wouldst plunge



STILL SHE SITS LIKE YONDER SPHINE AND SMILES.

of the war. And so thou wouldst be going Harmachis! The bird would fly the nest as, when they are grown, he swallows fly Well, it shall be as thou desirest: the hour is at hand. I have taught thee all that I have learned, and methinks that the pupil hath outrun his master." And he paused and wiped his bright, black eyes, for he was very sad at the thought of my depart

"And whither shall I go, my uncle?" I asked, rejoicing; "back to Abouthis to be initiated in the mystery of the Gods!" "Ay, back to Abouthis, and from At outhis

to Alexandria, and from Alexandria to the throne of thy fathers, O Harmachis! Listen, now; things are thus: Thou knowest how Cleopatra, the Queen, fled into Syrla when that false eunuch Pothinus set the will of that false cunuch Potninus set the will of Auletes at naught and raised her brother Ptotemy to the sole lordship of Egypt. Thou knowest also how she came back, like a Queen indeed, with a great army in her train, and lay at Pelusim, and how at this juncture the mighty Czsar, that great man, inncture the mighty Cesar, that great man, that greatest of all men, sailed with a weak company hither to Alexandria from Pharsalia's bloody field in hot pursuit of Pompey. But he found Pompey already dead, having been basely murdered by Achillas, the General, and Lucius Septimius, the chief of the Roman legions in Egypt; and thou knowest how the Alexandrians were troubled at his coming and would have slain his lictors. Then, as thou hast heard, Casar seized Then, as thou hast heard, Casar select Ptolemy, the young King, and his sister Arsince, and bude the army of Cleopatra and the army of Ptolemy, under Achillas, which lay facing each other at Pelusim, disband and go their ways. And for answer Achillas marched on Cæsar and behim straitly in the Bruchium at Alexandria, and so, for awhile, things were, and none knew who should reign in Egypt. But then Cicopatra took up the dice and threw them, and this was the throw she made—in truth it was a bold one. For, leaving the army at Pelusim, she came at dusk to the harbor of Alexandria, and alone with the Sicilian Apollodorus ent red as landed. Then did Apollodorus bind her in a bale of rich rugs, such as are made in Syria, and sent the rugs as a present to Cæsar. And when the rugs were unbound in the palace, behold! within them was the in the palace, behold! within them was the fairest girl on all the earth—ay, and the most witty and the most learned. And she seduced the great Cæsar—even his weight of years did not avail to protect him from her charms—so that, as a fruit of his folly, he well-nigh lost his life and all the glory he had gained in a hundred wars."
"The fool!" I broke in, "the fool! Thou

callest him great, but how can the man who callest him great, but how can the man who hath no strength to stand against a woman's wiles be truly great! Casar, with the world hanging on his word! Casar, at whose breath forty legions marched and changed the fate of peoples! Casar, the cold! the far-seeing! the hero! Casar, to fall like a ripe fruit into a false girl's lap! Why, in the usue, of what common city was this Reman Casar, and how poor a thing?

with so proud a voice. Knowest thou not that in every suit of mail there is a joint, and woe to him that wears it if the sword should search it out. For woman, in her weakness, is yet the strongest force upon the earth. She is the heim of all things human; she comes in many shapes and knocks at many doors; she is quick and patient, and her passion is not ungovernable like that of man, but as a gentle steed that she can guide e'en where she will, and as occasion offers can now bit up and now as occasion offers can now bit up and now give rein. She hath a captain's eye, and strong must be the fortress of the heart wherein she finds no place of vantage. Doth thy blood beat fast in youth? she will outrun it, nor will her kisses tire. Art thou set toward ambition? she will unlock thy inner heart, and show thee secret roads that lead to glory. Art thou worn and weary! she hath comfort in her breast. Art thou fallent she can lift thee up, and to the illusion of thy sense gild defeat with triumph. Ay, Harmachis, these things she can do, for Nature ever fights upon her side; and the while she does them she can deceive and shape a secret end in which thou hast no part. And thus woman rules the world. For her are wars; for her men spend their strength in gathering gains; for her they do well and ill, and seek for greatness and find forgetfulness. And all the while she sits like yo Sphinx, and smiles; and no man hath ever ead all the riddle of her smiles or kn all the mystery of her heart. Mock not! mock not! Harmachis; for strong indeed must he be who can defy the power of woman, which, pressing round him like the general air, is ofttimes most present when the senses least discover it."

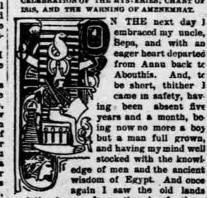
I laughed aloud. "Thou speakest earn-

estly, O, my uncle Sepa," I said; "almost might one think that thou hadst not come unscathed through this herce fire of tempta-tion. Well, for myself, I fear not woman and all her wiles; naught know I of them, and naught do I wish to know; and I still hold that this Cæsar was a fool. Had I stood where Cæsar stood, to cool its wastonness that bale of rugs should have been rolled adown the palace steps, even into the

harbor of mud." "Nay, cease! cease!" he cried Evil is it to speak thus; and may the gods avert the omen and preserve to thee this cold strength wh reof thou boastest! O man, thou knowest not!-thou in thy strength and beauty that is without compare, in the power of thy learning and the sweetness of thy tongue-thou knowest not! The world where thou must mix is not a sanctuary as that of the divine Isis. heart's ice may never melt, so shalt thou be great and happy and Egypt be delivered. And now let me take up my tale—thou seest, Harmachis, even in so grave a story woman claims her place. The y Ptolemy, Cleopatra's brother, being le The young of Cæsar, treacherously turned on him. Thereon Cæsar and Mithridates stormed the camp of Ptolemy, who took to flight across the river. But his boat was sunk by the fugitives who pressed upon it, and such

was the miscrable end of Ptolemy.
"Thereon, the war being ended, Cæsar
appointed the younger Ptolemy to rule with Cleopatra, and be, in name, her husband, though she had but then borne him a son, Cæsarion, and he himself departed for Rome, bearing with him the beautiful Princess Arsince to follow his triumphs in her chains. , But the great Cæsar is no more. He died as he had lived, in blood, and right royally. And but now hath Cleopatra, the Queen, if my tid-ings may be trusted, slain Prolemy, her brother and her husband, by poison, and taken the child Cassarion to be her fellow on the throne, which she holds by the help of the Rome legions, and, as they say, of young Sextus Pompelus, who hath suc-ceeded Cæsar in her love. But, Harmachis, the whole land boils and seethes against her. In every city the children of Khem talk of the deliveror who is to come-and thou art he, O Harmachis. Almost is the thou back to Abouthis and learn the last secrets of the gods, and meet those who shall direct the bursting of the storm. And then act, Harmachis-act, I say, and strike home for Khem, and rid the land of the Roman and the Greek, and take thy place upon the throne of thy fathers and bea King of men. For unto this end wast thou born, O Prince!"

OF THE RETURN OF HARMACHIS TO ABOUTHIS



again I saw the old lands and the known faces, though of some few were wanting, having been gathered to Osiris. Now, as I came night to the temenos of the Temple, having ridden across the weil-tilled fields, the priests and the people issued forth to bid me welcome, and with them the old wife, Atous, who, but .or a few added wrinkl that Time had cut upon her forehead, was sendal after me five long years agone.

"La! la! la!" she cried; "and there thou

art my bonny lad; more bonny even than thou wert! Laf what a man! what shoulders! and what a face and form! Ah, does an old woman credit to have dandle down there at Annu have starve surely! Starve not thyself; the Gods love not a skeleton. 'Empty stomach makes empty head,' as they say at Alexandria. empty head, as they say at Alexandria.
But, this is a glad hour; a, a joyous hour!
Come in—come in!" and as I lighted down
she embraced me.
But I thrust her aside. "My father!
where is my father!" I cried. "I see him
not!"

not!"
"Nay, nay, have no fear," she answered;
"his Holiness is well; he walts thee in his chamber. There, pass on. O happy day!
O happy Abouthis!
And so I went, or rather ran, and reached
the chamber of which I have written, and

there at the tubic sat my father, Amen-emhat, even the same as he had been, but very old; and I rau to him, and kneeling fore him kissed his hand, and he bless

"Look up, my son," he said, "and let my old eyes gaze upon thy face, that I may read So I lifted up my head, and long and ear-

nestly he looked upon me.
"I read thre," he said at length; "pur "I read thee." he said at length; "pure thou art and strong in wisdom; I have not been deceived in thee. Oh, lonely have been the years; but I did well to send thee hence. Now, tell me, tell me of thy life, for thy let-ters have told me little, and thou cannot not know, my see, how knogry is a father's least."

in the end he bade me know that I make now prepare me to be initiated intelliges great mysteries that are learned of the chosen of the Gods.

And so it came to pass that for a specied three months I prepared myself according to the holy customs. I ate ne ment. I was constant in the sanctuaries and in the study of the secrets of the Great Sacrifice and of the passion of the Holy Mother. I watched and prayed before the altars. I lifted pp my soul to God; ay, in dreams I communed with the Invisible, till at length earth and earth's desires seemed to pass from ms. I longed no more for the glory of this world, my heart hung above it as an eagle on his outstretched wings, and the voice of the outstretched wings, and the voice of the world's blame could not stir it, and the vision of its beauty brought no delight. For above me was the vast vault of Heaven, vision of its beauty brought no d where in unalterable procession the stars pass on, drawing after them the destinies of men; where the Holy Ones sit upon their burning thrones and watch the chariot wheels of Fate as they roll from sphere to sphere. O hours of holy contemplations who having once tasted of your joy could wish again to grovel on the earth? O vile flesh! to drag us down. I would that thou hadst been altogether fallen from me, and left my spirit free to seek Osiris!

left my spirit free to seek Osiris!

The months of probation passed but toe swiftly, and now the holy day drew rear when I was in truth to be united to the universal Mother. Never hath Night so longed for the promise of the Dawn; never hath the heart of a lover so passionately desired the sweet coming of the bride; as I longed to see Thy glorious face, O Isis! Even now that I have been fuithless to Thee, and Thou art for from me O Divine! Thee, and Thou art far from me, O Divine! my soul goes out to Thee, and once more I know- But as it is bidden that I should draw the vail and speak of things that have not been told since the beginning of this world, let me pass on and reverently set down the history of that holy morn. For seven days had the great festival been celebrated, the suffering of the Lord Osiris had been commemorated, the passion of the Mother Isis had been adored, and glory had Mother Isis had been adored, and glory had been done to the memory of the coming of the Divine Child Horus, the Son, the Avenger, the God-begot. All these things had been carried out according to the ancient rites. The boats had floated on the sacred lake, the priests had scourged themselves before the sanctu-aries, and the images had been borne through the streets at night. And now, as the sun sank on the seventh day, once more the great procession gathered to chant the woes of Isis and tell how the evil was avenged. We went in silence from the Temple, and passed through the city ways. First came these who clear the path, then my father, Amenembat, in all his priestly robes and the wand of cedar in his hand. Then, clad in pure linen, followed I, the meophyte, alone; and after me the white-robed priests, holding aloft banners and the emblems of the Gods. Next came those who bear the sacred boat, and after them the singers and the mourners; while stretching as far as the eye could reach marched all the people, clad in melancholy black because Osiris was no more. In silence we went through the city streets till at length we came to the temenos of the Temple and passed in. And as my father, the High Priest, entere! beneath the gateway of the outer pylon, a sweet-vo woman singer began to sing the Holy

Chant, and thus she sang: "Sing we Os ris dead, Lament the fallen head: That that I it the world, the world is gray,

Athwart the starry sk es The web of Darmess fles, And Isis weeps Os r s ; asset away.

Yourtears, ye stars, ye fir is, yo rivers, shed. Weep, chide n of the Nile, weep, for your Lord is dead?" She paused in her most sweet song, and thereon the whole multi ude took up the

melancholy dirge:
"Softly we treat lou-measured looisteps falling
Within the Saletunry Sevenfold;
Soft on the Dead that hvolt are we calling!

Return, Osiris, from thy Kingdom cold! Return to them that worshi - thee of old

The chorus ceased, and once again she

The Sour fold-sacred shrine
We pass, while echo sof the Temple walls
Repeat the long lament.
The sound of so row sent
Far up with a the imperishable halls.

weep, Isis and Nephthys, o'er His unawaking And then again rolled out the solemn

chorus of a thousand voices:
"Softly we tread our measured footsteps falling
With a the Sauctuary Sevenfold; Soft on the Dead that liveth are we calling: Return, Osiris, from thy Kingdom cold! Return to them that worsh p thee of old."

It ceased, and sweetly she took up the song: "Odweller in the West, Lover and Lordliest, Thylore, thy a ster Isis calls thee he

Come from thy chamber dun,
Thou Master of the Sun,
Thy shadowy chamber far below the foam
W th weary wings and spent
Through all the firmament,
Through all the horror-baunted ways of he
I seek thee near and far,

From star to wandering star, so with the dead that in Amenti dwell. I search the he gnt, the deep, the lands, the sk es. Rise from the dead and live, our Lord Osiris, rise."

"Softly we tread, our measured footsteps falling.
W thin the Sanctuary Sevenfuld:
Soften the De.d that I veth a -e we calling:
'Return, Os ris, from thy K agiom cold!'
Return to them that worship thee of old."

Then, in a strain more high and glad, the singer sang: wakes 'mm forth the privat

We sing Osir sr sen,
We sing the child that Nout conceived and

bars.
The own love, Is:a, waits
The Warden of the Gates,
to breath is the breath of Life on breast and And in her breast and breath

Behold! he wakeneth, hold! at length he r seth out of rest; Touched with her holy hands, The Lord of a 1 the Lands,

But then, her see from her breath, her breast.
But thou, fell Trybon, fly,
The judgment day draws nigh,
Fleet on thy track as flame speeds Horas from

Softly we tread our measured footsteps Within the Sanctu ry S. renfold; Soft on the Dead that I veth are we es 'Britan, Os ris, from t y Kingdom e Return to them that worship thee of

Return to them that worship thee et old.
Once more, as we bowed before the Holy, she sang, and sent the full breath of her glad music ringing up the everlasting walls, till the silence quivered with her round notes of melody, and the hearts of those who hearkened stirred strangely in the breast. And thus, as we walked, she sang the song of Osiris risen, the song of Hope, the song of Victory:

"Sing we the Trinity,
Sing we the Holy Three,
Itag we the Holy alone
Three peace and truth are met,
In the Halls of the Holy alone
There in the absdewings
Thing of the fedded wings,
Italy we death and relation in our me